

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:  
754 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.  
Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C.,  
as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Under the Direction of  
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor  
HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.

Daily and Sunday.....30 cents per month  
Daily and Sunday.....\$9.00 per year  
Daily, without Sunday.....40 cents per month  
Daily, without Sunday.....\$12.00 per year  
Sunday, without daily.....\$2.00 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous  
contributions, and no communications to  
the editor will be printed except over the  
name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will  
be returned if unavailable, but stamps  
should be sent with the manuscript for  
that purpose.

All communications intended for the  
newspaper, whether for the daily or the  
Sunday issue, should be addressed to  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING  
SPECIAL AGENT, Brunswick Building.  
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAN-  
HAM, Boyce Building.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1910.

## The American Republics.

The new home of the Bureau of American Republics, just dedicated with notable ceremonies, is a magnificent addition to the public architecture of the Capital. Its interior embellishments equal in beauty those of the Library of Congress, and, withal, the structure is an enduring monument to its founders.

Mr. Blaine's idea of bringing all the republics of this hemisphere into closer relationship and union is to-day realized—not in full measure, however, but not as abundantly as it should. There have not yet come out of this Pan-Americanism all the beneficent and mutually advantageous results that are destined to come. Its development has been slow, but sure.

While the splendid home of the Bureau has been building, untoward conditions and events—impossible to forestall, of course—have tended in a degree to hamper, if not to check, the constructive work inaugurated by Hay and carried forward with such signal success under the progressive statesmanship of Root; but the significant sentiments uttered at the dedication yesterday leave no loophole for doubt or misgivings as to the future.

President Taft and Secretary Knox are no less patriotically mindful than were their predecessors of the importance of the Latin-American problems to this country and of the common interests involved.

To Mr. Andrew Carnegie the Bureau owes a debt of gratitude for the practical philanthropy, and statesman-like part he is taking in the affairs of the several nations, and the genius of Director Barrett is likewise worthy of more than passing recognition. The President's high compliment to him was richly deserved.

Concurrently with these ceremonies of world-wide interest, a joint resolution was offered in Congress by Representative J. Hampton Moore looking to a proper celebration at Washington in 1915 of the completion of the Panama Canal and an exposition of all the Americas. Here is a proposition not local to Washington, but national and international in spirit and character, that should commend itself at once to the people of the whole hemisphere. And we believe it will.

## Cruise of the Midshipmen.

Every year the midshipmen at the Naval Academy are taken on a cruise, which is a continuation of their course of instruction on shore. This year it is intended they shall be taken to European waters for the benefit of the longer voyage and the opportunity of observation in foreign ports. There are some people in the naval service who have entertained, with what appears to be legitimate reason, the impression that these summer cruises are not as practical as they might be. Generally, they consist of visits to a number of agreeable places along the shore, with week-ends at Hampton Roads, in convenient access to the entertainment at Old Point Comfort. Doubtless this is beneficial to the midshipmen in the relaxation from the severe routine to which they are subjected while at Annapolis. At the same time, there ought to be no avoidance of the practical work, and one officer, Lieut. Paul Foley, U. S. N., is courageous enough to come out with some suggestions which ought to attract the attention of the naval authorities. He believes that this summer practice squadron from the Naval Academy should cruise with the battle ship fleet, in order that the midshipmen may thus early in their careers come into direct contact with that command and absorb the spirit of its commissioned personnel. He believes, also, that the midshipmen should be present at the fall target practice and see for themselves how the great guns are fired and how accuracy in naval gunnery is maintained to the extent of observing the night-battle practice.

These are conditions to which the midshipmen have not hitherto had access, and it is obviously of such advantage that it would seem to be worth the while of the naval authorities to consider a revision of the programme of summer exercises for the midshipmen. The objects desired by Lieut. Foley could be brought about by having midshipmen take their annual leave in June, at the close of the academic year, and begin the cruise in July, extending it over into September. More than this, he would use such modern vessels as the South Carolina and Montana, so that there could be one battalion on each ship, and the men would become acquainted with the operation of an up-to-date battle ship in the presence of other vessels of the same class, and under conditions that are those of the service for which they are being trained.

Perhaps this is putting it on to the midshipmen in a way which gives them too little diversion in their year's work, but if they are in need of a longer vacation, it should be given them in a way which means rest and recreation.

Their summer practice cruise should not be an excursion. It should be quite as educational as the work in the classes at the Naval Academy. The administration of the institution at Annapolis has been along lines which should engage public approval. The instruction has been conducted with a view to producing efficient naval officers, and the discipline of the Academy has been maintained by its superintendent and sustained by the authorities in Washington—the chief of the Bureau of Navigation and the Secretary of the Navy—in a most commendable way. If there is a defect in the summer practice cruise, it ought to be corrected so as to complete the system in a way which shall be beneficial to the young men who are being educated for the important and responsible task of command afloat.

## The Limit in Sight.

The climax of the high cost of living tragedy is about to be reached. The worst is yet to come, but it is almost here.

Mothers are announcing throughout the land that commencement dresses must be constructed on strictly economical plans this year, with flounces and fur-trimmed reduced to a minimum or cut out entirely. This is because of what? Higher prices for silks and organdies and ribbons and laces and feathers, and so forth and so on, of course!

We hope the mean men who led us astray in the wilderness of ultraregressive existence will now see the error of their ways and forthwith be moved to lead us back whence we came. We will stand for much in this country—have stood for much, and are destined to stand for much to come. But we shall arise as one man to protest against the humiliation of the sweet girl graduate! We never have denied her anything, and we are not willing to learn how.

Do our wise tariff tinkers realize at last that they have been playing with fire? Or, if our wise tariff tinkers are not responsible for this increased cost of living, we put the foregoing question with equal emphasis to whoever is responsible. Why, fathers and big brothers everywhere will unanimously turn suffragette before they will submit to the pre-ventable embarrassment and chagrin of their loved ones on commencement day.

In the circumstances, we hope the sweet girl graduates will go for this high cost of living thing, with gloves off. Let them send up one resounding and reverberating wall of woe that will shake the very foundations of the republic, if necessary! They might ring in a few tears, if they think best. The idea is to shame the source of all this trouble into sure and lasting reform.

One thing is certain. Graduating frocks ought, of right, to be up to the moment, in style, in fit, in finish, and regardless of expense—but the expense ought not to be prohibitive, so to speak. And it must be so! There is an end to the people's patience, and the high cost of living barons will do well to realize it before it is too late.

## Proud of Favorite Sons.

Practically every American Commonwealth has some native son who, in the confines of his own State, takes high rank, and who compares favorably with the products of the other States. New York, in presenting Gov. Hughes to the nation as a Supreme Court justice, has done a patriotic duty. Mississippi did not know that it was giving itself lasting credit when it sent Gen. Gordon to the Senate for a couple of months. Rhode Island will have difficulty in finding a successor to Senator Aldrich.

Statuary Hall in the Capitol is typically American. There can be found the marble figures of the men who carved out American history; but no less are heroic deeds necessary at the present time than in former generations, and it is well that the moral standards of political life are having a reawakening.

The Republican party has many men of excellence, ability, and great capacity for work, but the nation at large at present feels that the Republican party as now constituted is not working for the best interests of the people as a whole. Judging from the results in recent Congressional elections, this feeling is widespread, and it is now necessary for the Democratic party to present such men as will win the confidence of the people and make their leadership popular. Ohio has such a man in Gov. Harmon, Indiana in Gov. Marshall, New York in Mayor Gaynor and William Randolph Hearst, Missouri in former Gov. Folk and Representative Champ Clark.

Great leaders will be required to carry out the various reforms of a political, industrial, and financial nature in the next few years. Each State should be proud of the men it can surrender for the larger field of the national progress. It should stand ready to aid in this movement for national betterment. The time has come when excellence and merit should be necessary qualifications for every man seeking high office. The parties watching the national weathervane are cognizant of this, for the attitude of the voters in Massachusetts and New York recently show an awakened public conscience which demands only the best; and as long as this opinion maintains, so long can we look for improvement in the men who are conducting the nation's affairs.

If France should be given an electoral vote in this country, guess we all know who would get it in 1912, eh?

Well, April, put on your old gray bonnet with the blue ribbon on it, and hike. You are a fraud, anyway!

Nevertheless, we shall feel pretty cheap if it transpires that the peach crop has been killed starve enough!

President Taft's "double" has been discovered in Pittsburgh. It should be easy enough to "keep him dark" there.

"Life is not all sunshine and roses," avers somebody in the Los Angeles Express. Certainly not. And if it were, it would be pretty much of a bore.

It still remains true, nevertheless, and notwithstanding that, a lot of poets now at large ought to be in jail.

"Should the Democrats carry the next House of Representatives, within ninety days after the assembling of the next

Congress a free trade tariff bill will be sent to the Senate," says Senator Eugene Hale. Perhaps—whatever that is!

"The observed of all observers along the Parisian boulevard." Of course! What catfish knave would have dared think otherwise?

There really is no reason whatever why Columbus Day should be made a legal holiday anywhere on earth. That is far from saying, however, that Congress will not make it just that.

Curiously enough, the "all-around good fellow" generally is looked upon as perfectly "square."

Mr. Justice Hughes! Sounds all right!

We are not in favor of Secretary Wilson resigning, and we are not saying he ever will, but if he does contemplate it sooner or later, right now, following his vindication of hot biscuits, would seem to be the psychological moment.

The Hurry-Swift nuptials have been pulled off at last. Now let us give the parties to the contract a rest.

Mr. Roosevelt stood before the tomb of Napoleon and did not say a word for five minutes. Hang another medal—extra large size—on Napoleon's tomb.

It should be remembered that Mr. Croker's announced determination to return to New York to live came before the announcement of Gov. Hughes' forthcoming elevation to the Supreme Bench.

"Singing makes the devil mad," says a Michigan minister. Some of the singing especially, of course.

"Gov. Vardaman, spokesman for the entire Southland," is the way the Hot Springs News plays him up. And yet we are optimistic enough to doubt it, with a large and compelling quality of doubt!

"Rhubarb must be preserved," says the Cleveland Leader. The general impression is that rhubarb should be pled.

The President could hardly have selected a worthy successor to Justice Brewer without leaving a big gap somewhere.

It is the comet's fault again, we suppose. Just as we were beginning to think of watermelons and things, along comes the news of snowstorms down Georgia way.

Just remember that the census man, after all, really has no personal interest in your answers.

Mr. Roosevelt says editors must not be "mendacious, slanderous, insane, or rapid." Hope the colonel is in favor of paying all editors \$1 per word for what they write.

That old "everybody works but father" business does not go in the Tarikation of Indiana household. Father is romancing right along with the rest of the family, it seems.

"Should laughter cease?" inquires a writer. Whether it should or not, it will not.

"To scare up an appetite, take a walk before breakfast," advises a physician. Not for the average citizen nowadays, perhaps. He is looking for ways to keep down his appetite.

"Marse Henry" hands it out double column wide every day or so about Mr. Roosevelt; and that is the very best "Marse Henry" has in the shop, too!

Inspection of that tree Mr. Ballinger named "the Gifford Pinchot" is in order. Probably it is the not-growing variety.

"The people know Roosevelt too well to be fooled," observes the Los Angeles Express. Knock or boost?

This is the day of the political quarter back, half back, and full back. The moss-backs are being ruled out everywhere.

Nor do we expect "Coin's Financial School" again to become one of the "six best sellers," merely because things are brightening up for the donkey once more.

## CHAT OF THE FORUM.

## Beyond Recollection.

From the Charleston News and Courier.  
When in the past were Republicans so retiring?

## In Some Cases.

From the Omaha Star.  
Mr. Bryan says the Presidency is worthy any man's highest ambition. Yes, truly so.

## The Black Hand's Finish.

From the Philadelphia Record.  
If the Black Hand has started out to do up Roosevelt, so much the worse for the Black Hand. It is time for it to be put out of business anyway.

## Almost Overlooked.

From the Brooklyn Standard Union.  
A big tree in California has been officially named "Gifford Pinchot." Secretary Ballinger's attention having been called to the fact that it leaves in the spring.

## Safe and Sure Revolutions.

From the Springfield Union.  
Why not a movement for safe and sure revolutions in Central and South America? Sometimes the casualties in these affairs are almost as appalling as our Fourth of July killed and injured lists.

## Mr. Hitchcock Disappointed.

From the Kansas City Star.  
The wiping out of the postal deficit will be a great disappointment to the Postmaster General, Mr. Hitchcock, who hoped to use it as a pretext to punish the administration's magazine critics by increasing their postage rates.

## Two Gentlemen from Mississippi.

From the Philadelphia North American.  
Mississippi declares that the strength and sanity of the South are casting off the control of blather-skies. The Middle West has rejected and the East is wearing of mastery by the hired servants of criminal wealth. The good new thought is universal. But every State must look admirably upon the one that chose for its Senators "Jim" Gordon and Leno Percy.

## Sign of Trouble.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.  
"Is it wrong, in your opinion," asked the young and beautiful grass widow, "to be unconventional?"

"It may not always be wrong," replied the older lady, "but it is generally pretty sure to start something."

## LULITH.

Here is the hour of quiet lamp-light rest.  
When then does worship at her altar fire  
That glows the hearth, and lights her gentle breast  
Where tired with play, the child has found his nest—  
But I am treated out of the darning web.  
A twilight wind of wandering desire.

Here is the glow of struggle and success.  
The battle rages of Monday and the street.  
Tis for her sake that onward then does press  
Where smile, like heaven's, the victory shall bless—  
But I am in the wistful wardens  
That trails the trailing shadow of defeat.

Here is the night of tranquil quieting.  
When the protecting arms her sleep enfold—  
But the waking birds begin to sing.  
Because my kiss is a forbidden thing.  
Upon the mystic lips, like mine, shall cling  
Down this one, that other and grow cold.  
—Annela Josephine Burr, in Scribner's.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

## LIGHTS ON SHAKESPEARE.

The play's the thing.  
As Hamlet knew  
And oft in spring  
Alluded to.

Of thoughtful bent,  
Wise in his way,  
Of course he meant  
The double play.

## An Unfair Advantage.

"Why are the ladies of your set so down on Mrs. Gaussip?"  
"She got herself appointed census enumerator of this district, and will have to answer her questions or go to jail."

## Everybody's Fiancee.

"They say she has been engaged more than twenty times."  
"That's right. She was never known to turn down anything but the gas."

## An Offset.

"This anecdote you have printed is rather odd."  
"But the Congressman I hitched it to is comparatively new. Just serving his first term."

## Protean.

This April Weather is by far  
Most Versatile  
Of things terrestrial that star  
In levelling.

## Leaving the Business.

"I hear that Cholly has gone to work on his father's railroad as a section hand."  
"Yes; it's a great lark. His valet carries his pick and shovel for him in a golf bag."

## Ever Notice?

"All the world loves a lover."  
"No doubt about that. When a duke is too poor to hire a lawyer he can always get some New York newspapers to conduct his courtship for him."

## Might Make a Hit.

"The train announcer has a sonorous voice."  
"Real class to him," declared Pa Nuritch. "I wonder if I couldn't hire him to announce the guests at our reception next week."

## MEXICO'S CRATER LAKES.

## Their Calm Restfulness Is Unlike Anything Else in the World.

From the Mexican Herald.

The mere words, "crater lake," carry with them a charm and mystery that are akin to romance. But Mexico, with all her romance, has never given abroad any description of some of the most beautiful crater lakes in the world. Valle de Santiago, a little town of the state of Guanajuato, boasts four of the most perfect and beautiful of such lakes.

The village nestles among eleven craters, all formed in some past age, by sudden explosions from the interior of the earth, explosions that blew out a great amount of earth, formed low cones, and subsided without flow of lava or other demonstration than the single explosion. They are what are known to science as "explosion craters."

La Alberca is one of the lowest of the craters, and on one side a portion of the crater wall has fallen away, so that the approach is very easy. A short climb and, as one rises over the edge, one of the most beautiful views in Mexico is spread out. Half a mile across is the low line of the crater wall, and down below it is the greenest of lakes, calm as a plate of glass, and perhaps the tiny boat which plies the lake is on the opposite side, close below the walls of basalt which rim it. These walls, which rise nearly 100 feet above the surface of the lake, are part of the native rock, which was blown off like the cork of a bottle when the crater was formed. It rises sheer and erect above the lake on every side. The columns of basalt give a truly mountainous, almost Alpine, touch to the scene.

Climbing down the steep road to the level of the lake, the visitor has opportunities to drink in real beauty, which here is more dignified and more like the Old World than almost anything in Mexico. The tropics are far distant, and here, in the higher lands, verdure is calm and beauty a thing of gentle touch.

The calm restfulness of the crater lake is unlike anything in the world. One finds lakes and solitary pools in forests or mountain fastnesses, and the calm there is akin to witchery, but they are stirred sometimes by passing breezes, and the trees will wave above in the wind. But in a crater lake there is not a breath that will stir it, and even a stone cast into its bosom creates ripples that seem as though they would be swallowed ere they are born. Peace is a word without a meaning until one lies silent on the slope of such a crater, with such a lake at his feet.

## The Deathless Life.

Victor Hugo.  
I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down, the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say that the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song. I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others: "I have finished my day's work." But I cannot say: "I have finished my life." My day's work will be again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight; it opens on the dawn.

## Early Habits.

From the Catholic Standard and Times.  
"That last speaker," said the first guest at the banquet, "was quite entertaining."  
"Yes," replied the other, "and he's a self-made man, too."

"I can't say, though, that I liked his delivery. It was rather slow."  
"Oh! naturally. He began life as a messenger boy."

## The Kindergarten Method.

From Everybody's Magazine.  
"That's right," said the teacher encouragingly to the very small boy who was laboriously learning his A B C's.  
"Now, what comes after G?"  
"Whiz."

## PEOPLE AND THINGS.

## Cremations in England.

During the year 1899 the number of cremations carried out in Great Britain was 355, an advance of sixty as compared with 1898. The first crematorium in England was opened at Woking in 1885, and since that date the total number of cremations has been 8,321. There are now altogether thirteen crematoria in Great Britain, a number which will probably soon be increased as the demand for them is becoming greater year after year. The Cremation Society of England has been very active in its propaganda work and the public is becoming more interested in the matter. Recently a cremation society was formed in Edinburgh, its chief object being to promote the practice of cremation and burial reform by means of meetings, lectures, publications, &c. The membership of this society includes many well known persons.

## Deaf and Dumb Drama.

Delavan, Wis., where is located the State school for the deaf and dumb, was the scene of one of the most remarkable presentations of Shakespearean drama on record, when the faculty and students of the school gave a performance of the "Taming of the Shrew" entirely in the sign language. The show was a big success from all accounts and was witnessed by an enthusiastic audience of something like a thousand persons. Of course, Delavan is not a very large place, but as practically its entire population is conversant with the sign language, it does not seem an unreasonable statement to say that none of the audience experienced difficulty in understanding the lines of Shakespeare's play as they were rapidly and correctly talked with the fingers as if they had been interpreted by word of mouth.

## Our Floods Greatest.

Inasmuch as the French are disposed to regard the recent overflow of the Seine as the biggest thing that ever happened, says the New York Mail, it is time that they be politely invited to guess again. We modest Americans claim the medal for biggest in floods as in other things. Take for example, the flood in the Potomac in 1889, when boats navigated Pennsylvania avenue in the city of Washington; why, bless the dear soul of Paris, that flood at its height was five times as great in volume as the trivial freshet in the Seine. At least the engineers of the United States Geological Survey say so, and they declare, moreover, that the flood in the Susquehanna in the same year was eight times greater than the recent one in the Seine. And talk about damages by flood, just make note of the fact that our losses from such a cause amount to more than \$100,000,000 a year. Furthermore, let the envious French observe that for some mysterious reason we are rather proud of it. As compared with an American river in flood, the Seine is a mere trickle.

## Science Killing Romance.

Yes, science is slowly killing romance. The latest invention—the one which is responsible for this statement—is an instrument called a plethysmograph, a device for testing scientifically the warmth of lovers' affections. The person whose feelings are to be weighed in the balance simply has to put his or her arm into a rubber bag, which is then drawn tight and filled with water. Names of young men or young women, as the case may be, are introduced, and if the name applied stirs the heart the pulse rises and the indicator mounts up. If the name leaves the subject unmoved, the pulse and indicator remain stationary.

## Being a Colonel.

From the New York Times.  
Of all military titles, the best to wear in politics is that of colonel. If you doubt it, ask Col. Roosevelt or Col. Bryan. The prefix is more than military. It breathes neighborliness and good fellowship. When one jocosely addresses one's friends sometimes. As a name of rank, it strikes just the right level. "Captain" is inadequate, and "general" is austere; a general is not supposed to be a good mixer. But "colonel" postulates a general not too fine and good for human nature's daily food. In the title the average man sees himself at his best, and is properly gratified.

## Parental Blander.

From the Chicago Tribune.  
"I know it's ridiculous for me to powder my face so thickly," said the dashing brunette, "but my parents named me Pearl, and I've got to live up to my name."

## TO-AY IN HISTORY.

## Birthday of "The Tanner's Boy"—April 27.

To-day is the birthday of Ulysses S. Grant, the leader whose life is among the uplifting traditions of the republic. It is not of Grant, the soldier, or Grant, the statesman, that is the most striking point in the recalling of his birthday, but of Grant, the tanner's boy, who became one of the greatest generals of his age, as well as the President, for two terms, of this great country. Of Grant, who, almost like a flash, from the deepest obscurity, became the most powerful man of the nation.

Like most men of pure character, Grant had the inestimable gift of a good mother. From her he inherited his love for truth and power to search the minds of others without betraying what was in his own. And from his father he is credited with having inherited his guileless trust in his fellowmen, his great powers of initiative, and his optimism.

Grant was born in a humble home on the banks of the Ohio, at a place called Point Pleasant, above Cincinnati, on April 27, 1822. There were but two rooms in the house—a roughly framed dwelling covered with lapped boards, and having a chimney outside, according to the Southern style of those days. His father was a tanner, and his mother came from a line of wealthy Pennsylvania farmers of English origin.

The boy had been named Hiram Ulysses, by the process of putting several names in a hat and drawing out two. He was known as "Lys," or "Lysses," and the other boys in the town called him "Useless," a gibe on his name they thought befitting his quiet manners. He began to work at an early age, and his first marked characteristic was his love of horses and skill in handling them.

At eight years of age he drove a team, hauling bark from the woods to his father's tannery, and from that time on to sixteen he was known all over the countryside as a driver. By this time his father had become thrifty in business, and he sent Ulysses to private schools near his home. At school he attracted little attention, wore home-made buttoned jeans, was shy in manner, and was

## WHY LEONARD WOOD ROSE.

## Because He Has a Genius for Being Ready for Work in Hand.

Ray Standard Baker, in American Magazine.  
Many there are who have attempted to account for the startling rise to power and fame of Gen. Leonard Wood.

Twelve years ago an assistant surgeon, with little or no regular military training, how is it possible that to-day, at the astonishingly youthful age of fifty (he was born October 9, 1860), he should be the ranking major general and Chief of Staff of the army of the United States? Somewhere in one of his essays Emerson observes of a certain extraordinary man that he was "prepared for his age."

No better description of the success of Gen. Wood could possibly be written. Without especially brilliant qualities to commend him, with little promise in his earlier years, he has been at every crisis he has had to meet peculiarly the man who was ready. There stood Leonard Wood—prepared. It was not that he sought the places which he has filled so successfully, but that he was supremely the man who was ready for them.

At the very beginning of his career in the army, although only a surgeon, he was assigned to lead a detachment of soldiers in pursuit of Geronimo's Apache warriors, far down among the mountains and cactus deserts of Old Mexico. He performed this difficult task with such courage and efficiency that he was especially commended by Congress with one of its rare medals. Theodore Roosevelt said of him: "No soldier could outwalk him, could live with greater indifference on hard and scanty fare, could endure hardship better, or do better without sleep."

At the beginning of the Spanish war, when it was proposed to raise a regiment of Rough Riders, the man naturally chosen to lead was the same reticent, low-spoken, well-prepared army surgeon. He became colonel and led the Rough Riders on the bloody hill of Las Guasimas. After that, when the high ones at Washington looked about them for a man to command the conquered province at Santiago, there stood Leonard Wood—ready. He proved an admirable colonial administrator, and from that moment onward he has been the "imminent man" in connection with the most difficult problems of our foreign dependencies. He became governor of Cuba, then he went to the Philippines.

As he has held more and more important positions, performing each task with that high sort of quiet efficiency which Americans admire, he has risen naturally in rank until the army, until now Chief of Staff, with headquarters at Washington. Objection has been made that he was advanced again and again over the heads of men who had served long and ably in the regular army, men trained at West Point and further disciplined by long service in army posts. All this is true; but Gen. Wood was